

A new Chapter, a new Era, of Space Marine

by Colonial Marines

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Summary: First fan fic, this is a collab effort with JonasReed-2110.

1. Prologue

(A/N: This is my first publication on Fan-fiction, constructive criticism is welcome, along with flames. This is a collaboration piece with JonasReed-2110.)

****A new Chapter, a new Evolution, of Space Marines ****

Upon a fortress moon orbiting Tanis, a small contingent of space marine leaders gather to depict the future of a new chapter, a new era of space marines. To be clad in a blazing white armour, or not? To stick with tradition, or experiment with new state-of-the art geno-enhancement? To maintain faith in the known space marine? Or to wonder once again into the realms of the unknown? Do we lead our selves astray along these treacherous paths? Or do we conform to the ways of the Adeptus Astartes? These were the plans being made...

* * *

>Ramirez looked on something was wrong, the Inquisitors had searched Jonas yet again, they've never shown this much interest in anyone without truly believing them a traitor.<p><p>

2. Questions of Valor

****Questions of Valour****

Adeptus Astartes moon fortress orbiting Tanis.

In the briefing room, several space marine commanders, survey a detailed system chart of Tanis. "Priority 3 alert sir, incoming

transmission from scout marine squad Zulu-4, in the outer planetary cluster of Tanis. Patching to your comm sir."

"_Sir this is Zulu-4, we are watching over a small ork hoard, in the death swamps of Tanis. They have overrun the Imperial garrison, and are now engaging the local militia."_

"This is force commander Matthew Varges. What is the status of the ork masses?"

"_They're tearing through the local militia, and civilians. Hang on sir, intercepting a distress call from what appears to be remnants of the imperial garrison. Relaying to your comm."_

"_This is General Nikolai Kasdin of the Tanis 7th planetary division. We are currently under heavy engagement from the ork hoards. We are requesting immediate evac, I repeat we are requesting immediate evac, over."_

"_Copy that, we shall be dispatching several Valkyrie squadrons, ETA 5 minutes, over."_

"_Sir, that is the end of the transmission."_

"Zulu-4, do you reckon the forces at present, defending against the orks, will be able to withstand until help arrives?"

"_I fear that the mass of the ork hoard will breakthrough the inner-bastion well before help arrives."_

"Tech-Marine, relay this transmission around the station. All space marines prepare for immediate deep strike, we are dealing with xenos. Prepare for deep-strike on my mark."

"Sir we are receiving another transmission from Zulu-4, patching you through now."

"_Sir the orks have broken through the inner-bastion. The civilians will not stand much of a chance against the orks. All of the imperial garrison have fallen, all that is left is the Commanding general, and his personal bodyguard."_

"SPACE MARINES DEEP STRIKE NOW!"

"_Sir, we are witnessing what appears to be a civilian, charging a group of slugga boys, with a chainsword, And has hacked them down. He has now charged head first into a burning building, and has come back out carrying an M40 Armageddon carbine. He appears to now be charging through the lines of the orks, decimating anything that gets in his way, and is heading straight for the warboss." _

"_Sir would you like us to intervene and protect the civilian?"_

"I give you authority to intervene, but only take out those that pose a threat, to the civilian. But what ever you do, do not fire directly at the warboss, unless needed to."

"_Roger that, firing at specific targets. Sir the civilian has made it to the warboss. We shall try to make sure no other orks get to the civilian. The warboss has disarmed the civilian of his weapon, and

has him pinned on the ground. The warboss is now poised to kill.
shall we take the shot?"_

"Take the shot do not let that civilian get harmed."

"_Sir the civilian has something in his hand, it appears to be... a bayonet sir. The warboss is lifting the civilian up in it's powerklaw. We can't get a clear shot."_

"Then reposition yourself, so that you can get a clear shot!"

"_Sir, if we move we won't be able to get the shot in on time."_

"Then hold your ground, and whatever you do, get that shot."

"_Taking aim, holy shit. The civilian just lodged the bayonet straight into the warboss's eye."_

"What is the civilian's status?"

"_He is moving for his weapon."_

"Then can you get the shot!"

"_No sir, the target has been surrounded by other orks."_

"Then you pick your targets and provide covering fire for the civilian."

"_Understood sir. Engaging."_

"How long till the space marines reach the settlement?"

"In precisely 1 minute sir. They're just approaching the stratosphere."

"Zulu-4, how is the civilian doing?"

"_He's just got his weapon and is assaulting the warboss. He has reached him, and is currently in an intense fire-fight."_

"Sir, couldn't the space marines, just take out the warboss?"

"Zulu-4 could the space marines reach the warboss from the designated defensive line inside the bastion?"

"_I wouldn't think so sir, not in time. The orks are literally swarming to the hundreds around the bastion." _

"Sir, space marines have just broken the stratosphere reaching target in precisely 30 seconds." "_This is Zulu-4 the civilian has crippled the warboss and is now going in for the kill."_ "Sir, my reports indicate the space marines will arrive shortly before the Valkyrie squadrons."

"_Force commander, the civilian has just been struck down by the warboss, I don't know if he'll make it, the warboss is now right on

top of him." _

"The space marines have landed sir, they're now forming the firing line."

"Zulu-4, status update on the civilian?"

"_The warboss is going to kill the civilian, there's not much we can do. Hang on, the civilian still has hold of his weapon. He's lodged the end of the barrel into the warboss's mouth, and... by the emperor, he's literally blown the orks brains to oblivion." _The scout cheered excitedly.

"Commander, the rest of the orks appear to of gone into a blood frenzy."

"Tech-marine, how are the space marines doing?"

"They're holding back the orks, and are now pushing them back."

"_This is Zulu-4, the civilian is trapped underneath the warboss's corpse." _

"Tech-marine, patch me through to the commanding officer of our space marines."

"This is Force commander Vargas. I order you to push on through towards the warboss, and rescue a trapped civilian."

"_This is Captain Conway, I understand your orders sir, rescuing the civilian will be my primary objective. Space marines, push on through towards the warboss, help that civilian out. The rest of you drive these green skins back into the pit of which they came from." _

The death swamps of Tanis.

SPACE MARINES ADVANCE! As the space marines advanced towards the civilian, A group of local militia weaved their way to the front of the space marine line, headed by a one Lt.?.Ramirez. As the local militia charged onwards, orks started to turn back towards the militia. Ramirez charged forward using cover to avoid fire from either sides. As Ramirez ducked in behind the remains of a downed vulture,the local militia were caught in the crossfire. The militia had no chance, entirely exposed to the furious onslaught of both the space marines, and the endless wave of orks.

Ramirez rushed forward, reaching the warboss. In struggling to shift the bulk of the warboss, Ramirez yelled,"Get your fucking ass out of there Jonas!" As the space marines reached their position, they formed a defensive formation around the pair. Whilst doing so a space marine leaned forward grabbing the warboss by the ankle heaving its' massive corpse to the side, crushing an unsuspecting gretchin who had been hiding in the rubble.

After reaching the Bastion, the Valkyries reached the colony. As soon as the Valkyries landed, civilians and injured guards filed into the transports, to evacuate their once mighty compound. Ramirez helped Jonas get towards the Valkyrie. Reaching the Valkyrie, they heard the one of the crew, calling,"You must be Jonas and Ramirez. There's

comms flying everywhere about you two." After boarding the last Valkyrie, it sped away into the heart of the Tanis system.

Seeing the Valkyries had left, Thunderhawks swept down and landed ready to depart with the space marine forces, that had intervened and saved the lives of many innocent civilians from the ork hoard. One of these included the lifeless body of Captain Conway, who had been set upon by a trio of killa-kan. As the Thunderhawks headed back to the moon fortress orbiting Tanis, there was considerable doubt in the Force commanders mind after the death of Captain Conway, what to keep, what to change, for the future of the Space Marines. (A/N: Reviews and Flames welcome.)

3. Raised with Honour

****Raised with Honour****

Adeptus Astartes training grounds.

Skull probes take there positions, ready for the fight that is about to commence.

This is the fight of the initiates. Here they will truly be tested to the death, this is the way of the space marines.

"Initiates gather. Today shall be the day that you and I, will find out if you have got what it takes to be a true space marine. You shall be fighting each other on even ground, and only your skill, knowledge and faith shall hold you firm."

"Librarian, the training grounds, are ready."

"Initiates to your designated sectors, and gear for battle."

As the initiates head for the sectors, anxiety starts to seep, into their minds. Reaching the end of the corridor, each initiate headed of in their designated directions, not knowing the fate that was awaiting them once they were on the training grounds. The corridor leading left went to the Crimson sector, and the path to the left led to the Navy sector. Each representing different team colours.

"Initiates, you will be wearing, suits of Mark`8 power armour, and be wielding standard bolters.

This will therefore make it a battle of sheer skill, teamwork, and courage. Initiates, to the battle ground.

As the initiates took their positions, the Librarian, took his seat high above in the viewing platform, ready to survey the initiates. As he awaited for the battle to commence, He felt a shiver run down his spine. It was unusual, he had only once before felt this sensation, during his time as a space marine. That was the day his contingent had been ambushed. But surely not here, and more worryingly how would they of come to arrive here. Instinctively, he shouted, "get the initiates out of their now, ready the guard, prepare for assault." And as he uttered the last word, a blazing aura of red filled the battle ground below.

"ALERT, ALERT, all stations prepare for battle", the initiates stood on the battle grounds not knowing what they were about to face.

The initiates progressed into the heart of the training grounds. As the Crimson initiates reached the centre of the training grounds, Chaos horror squads surrounded them. Gunfire erupted. Horror squads dropped, but were instantly replaced by more and more of them, but they just stood there taking round after round. Then the horror squads returned fire. Crimson, where no match for the chaos forces. Several initiates managed to break through, but the rest were immediately cut off, there was no chance for the remainder of Crimson, as the chaos forces bared down upon them, their doom was impending.

Meanwhile, Navy had not yet received word of the devastation that the chaos forces and inflicted. Navy had split itself into three individual fire teams, and were advancing onwards together, making sure not to expose any of the flanks, and the rear. Alpha team was at the head of the group, being lead by a one Matthew Varges, Bravo covering the sides, and Charlie guarding over the rear flank, being lead by Garham Conway.

Navy navigated through the training grounds swiftly, and effectively, always making sure to work together as one. However they were not alone. As Navy approached a clearing in the forest, they were abruptly halted, as Matthew heard footsteps coming towards them at a fast pace. Navy took their positions. As they stood ready for battle, they saw the remnants of what was left of Crimson.

"Hold your fire."

"Why should we not fire Matthew?"

"Because, by the looks of it, they're not trying to attack us, what do you think?"

"I understand your point, but the objective is to attack the enemy, and frankly, they are the enemy."

"Do I have to come up there and sort you out space marine!"

"Conway, do not worry, the emperor is smiling down on this soldier, he is only questioning something that does not make sense to him, or in fact to the imperium."

"Enough of your talking Matthew, get on with what you were doing."

"Okay, okay. You there halt!"

"Please don't shoot, whatever you do don't shoot."

"What, in the emperors name happened to you?"

"It was the chaos, they... they... killed everyone. We are all that is left of Crimson."

"Chaos, that is impossible. It must be part of the training programme."

"But our objectives were to attack you lot, not any chaos."

"I don't understand how your men died. If it was part of the training programme then they shouldn't of died, they wouldn't pit us against real chaos forces would they?"

"Not to butt in or anything, but you do remember who we belong to right?"

"Yes, but even so, they surely wouldn't expect us to learn how to fight against the forces of chaos, it is completely against the imperium."

"Not to worry you or anything, but they where literally behind us, so we should get going before they find us. Oh yeah and another thing, these weapons are carrying live ammunition."

"What, live ammunition. So they were going to pit us against each over to the death."

"Can we work with you?"

"It seems the most logical solution. Plus we could use your knowledge, on these chaos forces. And another thing, what did you come across?"

"Brother, as of yet we have encountered only horror squads."

"In that case NAVY, BE READY FOR COMBAT!"

Navy and Crimson pushed onwards knowing that eventually they would come across the forces of chaos.

As the rest of the space marines moved further into the heart of the training grounds, they were soon to bare witness, to the horror of the chaos forces present. All that could be heard around the area, was the screeching sound of the hell talons engines from above.

"Conway get your ass here now."

"What's wrong?" Beckoned Conway.

"There's something up ahead of us, and by the look of it, we're going to have to split up into two groups."

"So what exactly is your plan then?"

"I'll take Alpha and the first division of Bravo, and you lead Charlie and the remaining men."

"Great, this should be fun."

"Alpha, Bravo-1, report to me now! The rest of you proceed to Initiate Conway."

As the two new groups formed, they were unaware of the problems that lay ahead.

Matthew and his force proceeded onward, an unnerving chill swept

through all of the men, but none dare not to lose concentration, knowing that one mistake, could easily lead to the fall of their fellow brethren.

"HALT!" Matthew ordered.

"You four scout ahead, and report back your findings."

The four soldiers, proceeded as instructed. A few minutes later only one soldier returned.

"What happened?" commanded Matthew.

"We were ambushed sir... Chaos..."

"Johnson, come quickly!"

"What are your orders Varges?"

"Apply first aid upon this soldier."

"I'll do my best, but I can't promise anything."

"Just do your job, and all shall be well."

"Sir! Movement ahead." Shouted one of the space marines.

"Space marines, hold your ground. Protect Initiate Johnson and our injured brother. PROTECT YOUR BROTHERS!"

"FOR THE EMPEROR"

The space marines formed a tight pack around the injured space marine. Silence, there was nothing but the sound of the wind in the trees. Then from out of the shadows came the horror squads.

"OPEN FIRE! BUT WHATEVER YOU DO, HOLD YOUR GROUND!"

Bolter fire lit the surrounding area. The chaos forces returned fire, and an epic fire-fight ensued.

"This is Matthew Varges, we are under attack from chaos forces. Initiate Conway do you read?"

"_Copy that, this is Initiate Conway. What are your co-ordinates? Over."_

"We are two clicks south of the western most lookout tower, over."

"_Received, we are en-route, e.t.a. two minutes."_

"Copy that, we'll hold out till your arrival."

Matthew Varges and his force fought on relentlessly, ducking and diving in and out of cover, trying to avoid fire. But nevertheless, they continued on against the ensuing chaos forces.

Initiate Conway eagerly rushed to his friends side, longing for battle. The chaos forces are now easily outnumbered by the arrival of

Initiate Conway and the rest of the space marines.

"Hey Conway, where'd you find those heavy bolters?"

"We found them amongst some dead space marines, looked to be a heavy task unit, not sure how they came to their demise though."

As the last of the Chaos forces are wiped out, a blinding aura of red envelops, surrounding the space marines. As the red aura fades, all that can be seen were Chaos forces.

"We're not going to be able to kill all these chaos forces. Initiate Conway, direct your specialist units to punch a hole in their lines."

"Right away! Skipper, direct your task group on the right flank of those horror squads."

"Affirmative sir, unleashing hell!"

"Come on marines, let's tear them to pieces."

As Initiate Skipper and his specialist unit opened fire, heavy bolter fire ripped through the chaos lines.

"Now, move through here, go now brothers."

The space marines pushed through the hole they had created. As they had just pushed through, Matthew heard the sound of a Valkyrie fly over ahead. As Matthew turned to see how the last survivors were doing, two drop pods smashed down upon the heads of the chaos forces, spreading blood and flesh around the landing site, leaving the trees coated in the tainted blood of the warp, and limbs strewn about the floor. The drop pods opened, and from within came two Dreadnoughts. As the dreadnoughts started fighting, an imperial guard Valkyrie landed on the other side of the chaos forces, and from within came several squads of Kasrkin units.

"Space marines, open fire upon the chaos forces, send them back into the pit of hell, from hence they came."

A renewed vigour spread across the space marines, knowing that they had a much greater chance of purging these chaos forces. The space marines charged towards the chaos units, trying to get as many bolter rounds into their enemies, before engaging in close quarters combat. Space marines smashed into the chaos units lines, tearing and ripping chunks of flesh from the horror squads, as soon as the first wave of space marines had charged in, they formed a line, waiting for the rest of the chaos units, who were charging towards them. As the chaos units charged closer and closer, the space marines dropped to the floor, and in doing so, the heavy bolter teams, had a clear line of fire. Opening fire, the chaos forces were met by round after round, of endless fire power, and all that could be heard was the sound of empty bolter cartridges hitting the floor. As the chaos forces came to within ten metres distance to the space marines, the heavy bolters ceased fire, and the space marines in front stood, awaiting the chaos forces. The imperial guard Kasrkin units took formation and halted the chaos forces from being able to retreat. Dreadnoughts literally ripped the chaos units in half, throwing each body half at their fellow kind. And as if appeared from nowhere, was the sight of the

librarian, wielding a thunderhammer, vaulted towards the centre of the remaining horror squads, and smashed the thunderhammer into the face of the chaos unit in front of him, knocking to the ground. And with one more swing of his thunderhammer, the chaos forces were no more. Brushing aside the last remaining body of the chaos forces, the librarian stands to attention, readying himself to address the remaining initiates.

"Space marines, Imperial guard, I wish to commend you for this valorous task that you undertook and initiates, I hereby from the power of the imperium confirm your successful training from Initiates to Brothers, I wish also to promote Matthew Varges, to the title of sergeant, for his valorous efforts, and for his unique leadership abilities. I also wish to promote Garham Conway to the title of sergeant, for his strong mind, and for his true un-wavering bravery. This however I feel will lead you two down different paths. I wish also to bestow upon the heavy bolter task unit, the titles of heavy weapons specialist. But heed my words, this shall not be the last times your names are heard, for you space marines, are truly a unique breed. Your names shall be heard amongst the four corners of the galaxy. And for this, I now welcome you to the imperium."

"FOR THE EMPEROR!"

And the end of battle, bought the feeling of joyous triumph, over the space marines mortal enemies. And yet even though Matthew Varges, and Brother Conway and the space marines upon the training grounds, were likely not to see one another for many a year, there paths were truly entwined, and it was because of this, the future of the imperium would eventually lay in the outcome of their fate.

(A/N 2217 words this chapter, read and review please, standard disclaimer all characters are OC)

4. Unknown Consequences

****Unknown Consequences****

Adeptus Astartes moon fortress orbiting Tanis.

Matthew Varges paced back and forth about his quarters, the questions in his mind relating to the death of his once close friend. In his mind the memory of the words the librarian spoke, all those years ago. 'Know that this shall not be the last time your paths are to cross.' What had the librarian meant, why would this not be the last time they were to meet.

As Matthew pondered his thoughts, he was interrupted from a knock on the door.

"Who's there?" Questioned Matthew.

"Tech-marine Johnson, sir."

"Johnson?" "Enter."

"Johnson, did you train during the chaos attack of the Adeptus Astartes training grounds?"

"Yes, sir. Why do you ask?"

"Do you remember a Matthew Varges, or a Brother Conway?"

"I do sir, yes. And again, why do you ask sir?"

"Because a librarian once depicted, that these two people and others would meet again, but not for many a year."

"Wait, I know who you are, you're Matthew Varges. The renown hero of the chaos attack on the Adeptus Astartes training grounds."

"That I am my brother, but I could not of done my duty without my fellow brethren, one of who's life has come to an abrupt end."

"Yes, I heard about Chaplain Conway. A tragedy to the imperium sir."

"That it is, but what lays in my mind at this very moment of time, is what will happen next."

"Sir, if you don't mind me asking, do you think that Chaplain Conway being down on Tanis, had anything to do with the reasons for the ork invasion?"

"I'm contemplating it..."

Matthew was cut short by another knock at the door.

"Who is it?"

"Head of security, Commander Skipper, sir."

"Come in."

"Good day to you sir, Johnson."

"What is it that you require Skipper?"

"I came to update you upon the Tanis death swamps conflict sir."

"What is your report then my brother?"

"We have sustained twelve casualties, and two fatalities."

"What are the names of the two fatalities?"

"One of them was Chaplain Conway, and the other was Brother Kolloway, who's body is unaccounted for."

"Thank you for the update, you may report back to your station."

"_Commander Skipper, your presence is required at the landing bay, over."_

"Copy that, assemble the security team, I'm on my way."

"I would like to see you later Skipper, in the conference room, bring

along the Imperial guard specialist units and their commanders. I'd like to see you as well Johnson. Till then I'm off to prayer."

All three of them departed from Matthews' private quarters, and then headed their separate ways. Skipper and Johnson proceeded to the elevator.

"Hey Skipper, do you think that the attack on the colony in the death swamps of Tanis, had anything to do with Chaplain Conway's presence there?"

"I'm not sure Johnson, but I believe it could of all been planned out, to get us to intervene. Why had the imperial guard not sent reinforcements straight away? And why had there been such a large force, for a colony of that size?"

"Well from what I know the imperial guard were dealing with some other problems. Something to do with Chaos and Nurgles."

"Chaos and Nurgles? It seems we should be questioning the actions of these stray minds."

"That we should be. You know, you should of become a librarian, not a member of security."

"Yes, but if I had, I would not of been able to continue with my title of heavy weapons specialist. And I would of most likely not be stood here talking to you."

"Fair point, I've got to get off here, I'll see you later on tonight in the conference room."

Tech-marine Johnson headed off to oversee his duty's, leaving Commander Skipper, to investigate the disturbance over by the landing bays.

Reaching the twenty-first floor, he heads for the landing platform, pondering the conversation with Tech-marine Johnson. Reaching the platform, he's greeted by his second in command, Commander Llewellyn, and the security's own thunderhawk.

"Sir, the men are ready and awaiting your arrival."

"Thank you commander, my shotgun please Llewellyn."

"Here you go, all of your other equipment is aboard the thunderhawk."

"Thank you, let's get going."

The two men boarded the thunderhawk, and headed of for the landing bay.

"How long till we arrive at the landing bay?"

"E.t.a. Two minutes sir."

"Llewellyn, bring me up to date on our imperial guard friends."

"We have around thirty imperial guard soldiers. They include two

Commissars, nine specialist Kasrkin units, the two pilots, and three medics. The rest are the imperial guard security detail, oh except from one. He's that Jonas reed from the death swamps of Tanis."

"Well then, let's make sure we give them a good welcoming. If you know what I mean."

Skipper turns to his fellow men and nods.

Arriving at the landing bay, they see the valkyrie docked in the secondary landing bay. Hovering a few feet from the ground, the security teams jump from the thunderhawk and land on the floor, sending a resonating thud around the area.

"You five with me, you five with Commander Llewellyn."

"For the imperium sir."

Reaching the trade forum, they spot the Imperial guard presence. It had seemed Jonas Reed had set-up a stall, and was upsetting some of the other merchants.

"What's going on here?" Commanded Skipper.

"Nothing much, just trying to earn a living, help with a bit of extra money, and these people here are ruining my merchandise. Anyway, what's it got to do with you?"

"I am head of security, Commander Skipper, and I have everything to do with what's happening here."

"Oh, excuse my manners, but my friends from the imperium here can quite easily help me out."

"I'm sure they could, but while your here, you abide by our rules. For starters, have you been given permission by local authority, that you could trade here?"

"No, I haven't, sorry."

"I'll let you off this time, but next time get some clearance."

"Oh, I see, because he helped down on Tanis death swamps, he gets let off, with only a slap on the wrist. If it was anyone else they'd be shut down."

"Look if you want to argue, you can take it up with the Force Commander, but I doubt he'll have time to deal with something so petty."

"Are you calling us petty?"

The angered tradesmen picks up his lasgun, and aims it at Commander Skipper.

"I'm warning you tradesmen, lower your weapon, or you'll regret it!"

The imperial guard now, aim there weapons at the trader. This then

provokes all the other traders into backing their friend, and join in.

"Llewellyn, we have a situation here, please get here asap, we're by the last trading stall nearest the main landing bay."

"I'm already on the way."

Llewellyn and his team rushed through the trade forum. People lunged out of the way to avoid collisions, with his fire team. Making their way to the trade forum, they hear the sound of a rather heated argument, which sounded mostly like Skipper, roaring at the offender.

"Llewellyn, hold your fire, only retaliate if needed."

"Sorry we took our time, decided to take a little detour by the secondary armoury."

"I can see that."

"Enough of the jokes space marines let's get on with it."

"Hold your fire Imperial guard!"

"You can't tell us what to do."

And with that, the security detail from the Imperial guard, opened fire upon the trader. The trader stood there for a few seconds, with a puzzled expression upon his face. Then he fell to his knees, and with that keeled over. The rest of the traders turned on the Imperial guard, and charged towards them.

"STOP THIS AT ONCE! Bellowed Skipper.

The two groups ignored his command, so instead of shouting, he aimed his shotgun at the floor in front of him, and fires twice. Realising that warning shots had been fired, the groups quickly cease fire.

"Llewellyn detain these traders, and I'll deal with them later. As for you, I want to speak to your superior at once."

"I am Commander Raldent, what seems to be the problem?"

"Your men were assaulting some traders, which led to the injury of this man."

"If the trader had kept his mouth shut, he wouldn't of needed us to teach him a lesson."

"You may be a sergeant, but you don't speak out of line, is that understood?"

"Yes Commissar."

"Good, sorry for the trouble, I'll have our medics deal with the injured man."

"Thank you for your assistance Commissar, but we'll send him straight

to the medical bay, we're to escort you to your quarters."

"Looks like that one's sleeping in the trash then."

"Space marine, hold your tongue."

"Yeah, shut it, before I shove this plasma rifle where the sun don't shine, and then pull the trigger."

"Just you try it."

"Silence Sergeant."

"And you space marine."

"Sergeant, if you utter one more word, it won't be the space marines dealing with you."

"Commissar, please instruct your men to board your Valkyrie, and then ask the pilot to follow our thunderhawk."

"Pilot rally to my beacon and pick us up."

"Right away sir."

"And I shall instruct my men accordingly."

"Pilot ready the valkyrie."

"Yes sir."

"Imperial guard, to the valkyrie."

The Imperial guard headed off towards their valkyrie, making sure not to waste time. As soon as they turned the corner, the thunderhawk approached the security team. As the thunderhawk took it's position, rappelling lines were dropped. Attaching to the lines, they were hoisted up in teams of five. When the second five were hoisted up, the two commanders, Llewellyn and Skipper instructed the thunderhawk to advance forward until it was 150 metres away. The two commanders then sprinted towards the thunderhawk and jumped when 100 metres away, initiating their jump packs, they flew into the back of the thunderhawk.

"That never gets old."

"Yeah, pilot hover in front of the valkyrie."

"Understood sir, taking position."

The thunderhawk awaited for the valkyrie, readying to lead the imperial guard to the landing platform.

"Valkyrie pilot please take your position behind me, so that I may escort you to the landing platform."

"Copy that, this is Flight Commander Augustus assuming position."

Following the thunderhawk, they finally reached their desired

destination.

"Llewellyn and the three of you follow me. The rest of you report back to the security station."

"Understood sir, reporting back to the station."

"Imperial guard follow me."

"We're right behind you."

Skipper leads the imperial guard to their quarters and instructs them to be ready for seven o'clock that following night, for the briefing with Matthew Vargas. He then bids them farewell and leaves heading back to patrol the area.

"Llewellyn, you may take the men back to the station, go get yourselves some food, and if you could, would you have some food awaiting my return? I'd surely be grateful."

"I'll see you later Skipper, I'm sure I can rustle something up."

And on that final note, Llewellyn and the other three marines, headed back for food. Leaving Skipper to continue with his patrol.

6:30p.m Adeptus Astartes moon fortress, security station.

Commander Skipper and Commander Llewellyn were deep in conversation over the fortress security. Deciding whether or not to strengthen security even further.

"The benefit of increasing security is that, the station is going to be a lot stronger, and is going to be more capable of repelling enemy invaders."

"True, however Skipper it will require a lot of time and effort, which could be used destroying the enemies, which would in turn prevent them from even trying, or even wanting to attack us."

"You argue a very persuasive case Llewellyn, but we can't afford to leave the fortress without adequate defence systems."

"Very well, we'll prepare to install, and upgrade extra defensive systems, and set up more patrols around the station, to be able to retaliate against invaders as soon as possible."

"Make sure to assign those who have not a full schedule. I'm off to collect the Imperial guard troops for their briefing tonight. I'll see you up there in a bit."

"Farewell Skipper, see you later."

Skipper pats his friend on the shoulder and departs from the security head quarters. Heading for the elevator he bumps into Tech-Marine Johnson.

"Hey, how are you Johnson? And what are you doing on this floor?"

"I'm searching for a Commander Llewellyn, but I've got no idea where he is?"

"chuckle, he's just in there, I'll see you in about half-hour."

"Cheers, I'll speak to you later, I have more information to do with attacks on the Imperial guard, it's quite troubling."

"Okay then, see you later. Oh... tell Llewellyn to take the security teams that we both lead, to the briefing room tonight."

"Will do, see you later Skipper."

And with that Johnson disappeared into the room, leaving Skipper left alone in the corridor. Standing there for a minute, he turns and enters the elevator. As the elevator slowly rises, Skipper turns and observes the moon fortress's outside surroundings, through the glass all around the elevator, and admires it's dominant superiority on the moons surface. As the elevator climbed higher and higher, he couldn't help but gaze out towards the planet, renown for it's death swamps of Tanis, who's name escapes many a mind. Reaching the guest floor, he departs from the lift and knocks on the second door to his right. After he knocks, he hears muffled footsteps approaching the door.

"Who is it?"

"It is Commander Skipper, I'm here to escort you to the conference room."

"Ah, I was wandering when you might turn up."

Opening the door further, the commissar gestures Commander Skipper into the room. Entering the commander approaches the nearest seat and sits down.

"If you wouldn't mind Commander, I'd like to finish gathering my equipment, and then I'll gather my men."

"Of course, take as long as you require, we still have plenty of time."

"Thank you. So commander, tell me a little about yourself."

"Well, what is it that you wish to know?"

"Where did you train? And whom did you train with?"

"I trained in the Adeptus Astartes training grounds, along side Matthew Vargas, Chaplain Conway, Brother Johnson, etcetera."

"Wow, so you were one of the lucky ones to survive the chaos attack."

"I wouldn't say lucky, because of that day, I'm constantly haunted by the visions I endured during, what was supposed to be a training exercise."

"Sorry if I hit a nerve there. I was merely intrigued, that is all."

Please... forgive me."

"I understand commissar, sorry for snapping at you."

"It was my fault in the first place, please let us forget this conversation. I have my equipment, ready when you are."

"Very well, we shall depart then."

"This is Commissar Raldent, ready yourselves for the briefing, we are leaving now. We shall be escorted by the security's own Commander Skipper, meet outside the elevators, asap."

As the commissar opened his door, the Imperial guard units took there position as instructed and awaited further orders. As Skipper approached the elevators, he gestured the Imperial guard units to enter first.

"I'll meet you up there, there's something not right. I can feel it."

"Would you like us to assist you?"

"That is most generous of you, but I fear the worst."

As the elevator doors were nearly shut, "Jonas Reed squeezed out to join the commander.

"What are you doing, your supposed to be with the rest of your men."

"Well maybe you should accept help for once in your life, instead of pushing it away."

"Fine, you may come along, but I'm warning you, if what is about to be unleashed, you best be ready."

"Trust me, I can handle myself."

"Very well. Llewellyn report to the guest floor immediately. Bring the security teams."

"What is your situation? Over."

"I'm not sure, but best be on the safe side."

"What do you reckon we're up against?"

"Something, or someone from the warp!"

"By the emperor, it cannot be true?"

"I don't know but get here fast, use the southern elevators, that way we can easily team up."

"Copy that, you hold your position till we get there."

"Will do."

"Jonas, I want you to get back by the elevator now."

"Why?"

"Just do it, NOW!"

Jonas cautiously backs away to the elevator, unaware of what he might be facing. Commander Skipper slowly backs up as well, keeping his eyes focused forward. As Commander Skipper reaches the door nearest the elevator, all that can be heard is an eerie demonic laugh.

"Tell me you heard that too... right Skipper?"

"Yes, I did."

"What floor is the elevator on?"

"Hasn't moved yet, Why?"

"Shit. Just means the reinforcements are running a little slow."

"What do you mean reinforcements?"

"Well put it this way, we're going to need them."

"_Commander Skipper, how nice to finally meet you._"

"Holy shit!"

"Yes Jonas, that's why we need them."

"_Do you recognise me Skipper?_"

"No, not reall... hang on you're Kolloway. Aren't you?"

"_Well done, your the first to get that correct._"

"What do you mean by the first?"

"_Let's just say Conway didn't recognise me._"

"Of course. How could I of been so stupid!"

"_It seems we also have our little friend from the death swamps, Jonas Reed._"

"Kolloway, it's time for you to suffer the consequences. For treason to the imperium, you are hereby sentenced to death. In the name of the emperor, you shall pay for your heresy. FOR THE EMPEROR!"

And upon discovering the truth, an uncontrollable rage filled Skipper's body, and he flung himself at Kolloway, hurling him to the ground. Grabbing his chainsword he uncontrollably swings it at Kolloway, but before he can make contact with the traitor, he is flung back by the demonic powers Kolloway now possesses. Regaining his balance, he is shoulder barged against the wall, leaving a massive indentation created by Skipper's Shoulder plate. Picking his moment Jonas charges the now tainted mind of Kolloway, and thrusts his bayonet delving it into Kolloway's upper thigh, causing him to screech in pain. Upon Jonas doing this, Kolloway smacks Jonas in the

face, sending him colliding with the wall, and rendering him unconscious. Seizing his opportunity Skipper hurls his adversary away from him, activates his jump pack and directs himself towards Kolloway. As Skipper makes contact, Kolloway is flung back against the wall, and then falls to the floor. Skipper quickly deactivates his jump pack, lunges for his shotgun, and slides along the floor. He grasps his weapon, swings it round just in time to smack Kolloway in the face. Stopping him in his tracks. He then takes his aim and let's go of volley after volley of Shotgun shells, into the chest of Kolloway. Causing bits of twisted metal, flesh and blood to spurt around the corridor. In one final and desperate take, Kolloway lunges his demonic sword towards Skipper. Reaching his chainsword he deflects the sword away from his body, and drives the chainsword into the neck of Kolloway. Ending his life, and destroying a threat to the imperium. Succeeding where Conway had unfortunately failed.

Skipper quickly rushed to the unconscious body of Jonas. Checking his vitals, he then gently lifts him, and carried him towards the lift. Quickly turning round, he notices that the body of Kolloway had vanished. The lift opened, and the security team where greeted by the sight of a battered head of security.

"What in the emperor's name happened here?"

"Kolloway, he's dead."

"Well he should have been, but he's gone."

"What do you mean gone?"

"His mind is lost to the warp, and his body that was over there a minute ago, after I showed him what happens to traitors of the imperium, has also gone."

"So you mean you didn't kill him?"

"Well my main priority was Jonas his, but yeah, you could say that."

"We'll clear up here, and report back to you later."

"Okay, but I want a full lock-down of the fortress immediately, nobody leaves till Kolloway is found."

"Right away sir."

Commander Skipper then heads into the elevator still carrying the unconscious body of Jonas, leaving behind his recent debarkle with Kolloway. The thought in his mind trying to piece together the events of the past few days. Noticing that Jonas was coming too, Commander Skipper helped him to his feet.

"What happened to Kolloway?"

"Not much, I thought I'd put a stop to him once and for all, but I was misled."

"Oh, damn. Where are we going?"

"To the conference room for the briefing, we're running a little

behind schedule."

"Ah, I see. Sorry I wasn't of much use back there."

"No problem, but to be honest, if it wasn't for you, he wouldn't of lowered his guard, and well, we know what would of happened."

"Well at least I was of some use then," chuckle

"_Skipper we shall meet again."_

"Huh, did you say something Jonas?"

"No, why'd you ask?"

"No reason, thought I heard something that's all."

"_Jonas this is co-pilot Roberts. The commissar would like your presence in the conference room."_

"Commander Skipper is already escorting me."

"_Commander Skipper? What happened back there?"_

"I'll let you know later."

"Here we are Jonas, not much further now, couple of metres this way, and we'll be at the conference room."

"Cheers...um...what is your first name Skipper?"

"My first name is Mark, but best to keep that to yourself."

"Probably bit of an odd question, but why?"

"Only a few people know my first name, it helps to keep authority on a last name basis, so I've never really spoken of my first name."

"That seems fair enough, I shall keep it to myself then."

Turning the next corner, they were led into an open courtyard. Upon crossing to the other side, Mark led Jonas to the last door. Upon knocking, they were quickly ushered inside.

"Ah Commander Skipper, Jonas Reed, nice of you to drop in."

"Sorry force commander, we encountered something disturbing upon the guest floor."

"And what was that you came across?"

"I've discovered that a once Brother Kolloway, has been tainted by the warp, and now resides as a chaos sorcerer."

"Kolloway? A chaos sorcerer? How can this be?"

"Surely, if the commander is here, then the heathen must be no more."

"Unfortunately not inquisitor. I thought I had been successful, however his body has disappeared."

"How is it that Kolloway managed to get into this fortress?"

"At this point in time, I know not how he gained access, however I have issued an immediate lock down, till he is found. We may need to request the presence of the inquisition."

"Very well, if I may force commander, I shalt request that my superiors, to aid you in your search?"

"Thank you Inquisitor Jackson, I'm very appreciative of your support, and my answer is yes."

"Not to worry force commander, it is best to find the heathen, before his influence is spread upon those with weak minds."

"My fellow brothers from the Ultramarines, the Inquisition, Blood Ravens, Imperial Fists, White Scars, Dark Angels, Blood Ravens and the ambassadors for the Imperial guard. It has come to a time of great despair throughout the system of Tanis. The recent death of Chaplain Conway, by the ork invasion, the attacks on the Imperial guard, by the forces of both Chaos and Nurgle, and the most recent attack of the Chaos Sorcerer Kolloway..."

"Sorry to butt in, but Commander Skipper has additional information, on the death of Chaplain Conway."

"Is what Jonas Reed says, be true commander?"

"Yes, due to my recent confrontation by the chaos sorcerer, of whom was formerly Brother Kolloway, I recently learnt that the death of Chaplain Conway, happened by the hand of this treacherous brother."

"So it was Kolloway, who killed Conway."

"I'm afraid so sir. But from what I can gather, the ork horde was merely a distraction, whilst the chaos used Kolloway to kill Conway. With the Imperial guard not able to send reinforcements, due to the chaos and nurgle attacks, it left the settlement unprotected, and the orks, cut off Conway, so that Kolloway had the opportunity to strike Conway."

"By the emperor. Action must be taken immediately, my brothers, and ambassadors. I ask that you see to it, that a proper course of action is laid out, we must stop our enemies from gaining an upper hand, those of the Imperium must come together if we are to succeed. A joint coalition between Space Marines, Imperial Guard and even Sisters of battle must be arranged. We must meet up again, and discuss these plans thoroughly, and asap. But for now, I shalt offer my assistance whenever you may require it, may I also call upon it, will I receive your aid too?"

"Indeed, You have the full backing of The Inquisition, and so do, the rest of your brothers, from the space marines, am I right my brothers?"

"FOR THE EMPEROR!"

"I shalt also do what I can with my men, you have my full backing. But I'm assured that the rest of the Imperial guard shalt too, aid you."

"Thank you, my brothers, and you too Commissar. Today from this point onwards any enemies of the Imperium will regret even laying foot upon our grounds, because FROM TODAY WE ARE TRULY ONE MILITARY FORCE TO BE RIVALLED, AND WE FIGHT IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME!"

"FOR THE EMPEROR, AND FOR THE IMPERIUM"

And by the wise words of Matthew Varges, the strength of the Imperium forces within the system of Tanis were to now grown ten fold. With the joint effort that would be made by the Space Marines, and Imperial Guard, no enemy would be stupid enough to dare attack, but would this strengthen the systems of Tanis? Or would it only make them weaker? No one is yet to know for sure, but all that was known is that those of whom are enemies of the imperium, where only growing stronger, with every second that passed by.

(A/N 4595 words this chapter, read and review please, standard disclaimer all characters are OC)

End
file.